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The FLINTSTONES

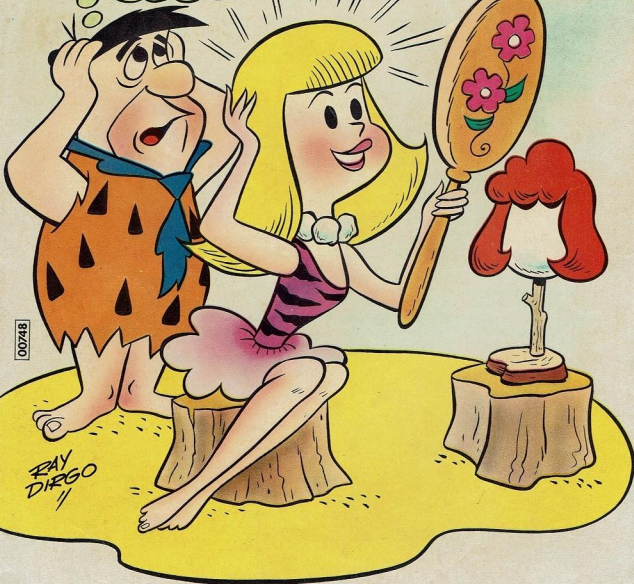
and PEBBLES

a Hanna-Barbera Production

THE FLINTSTONES & PEBBLES

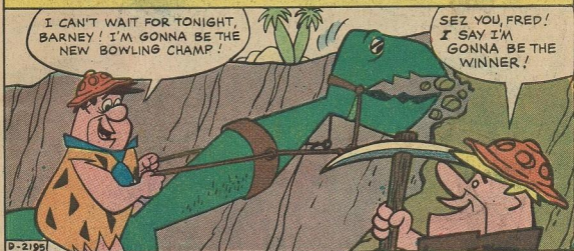
NO. 13
MAY
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ONLY
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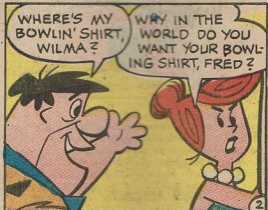
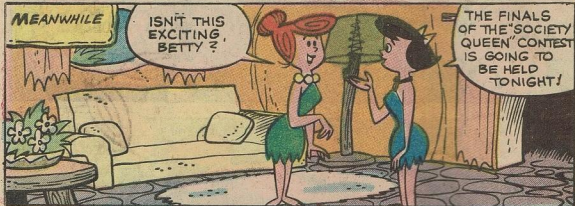
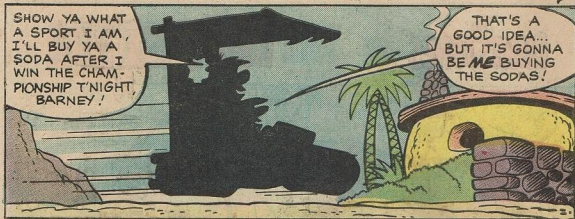
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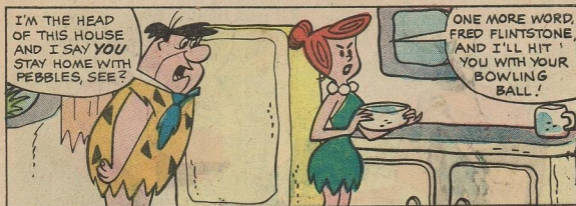
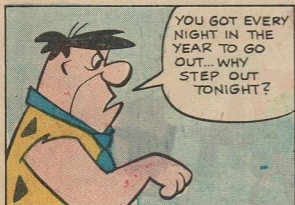
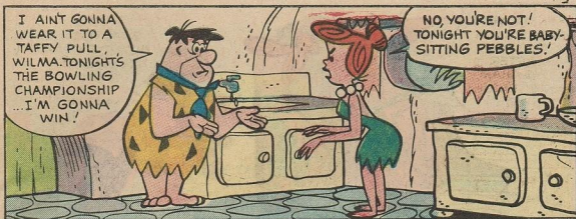
The FLINTSTONES in THE BABY-SITTER

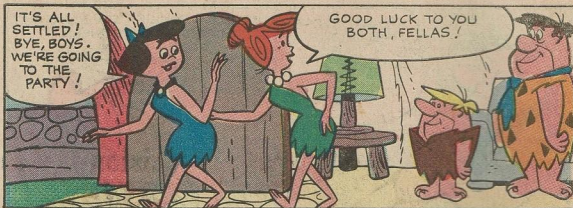
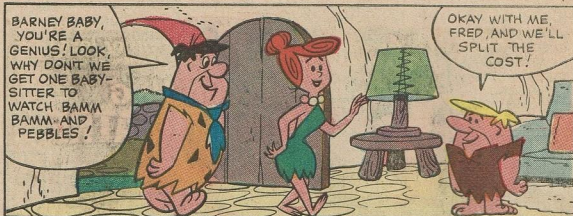


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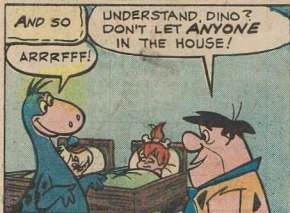
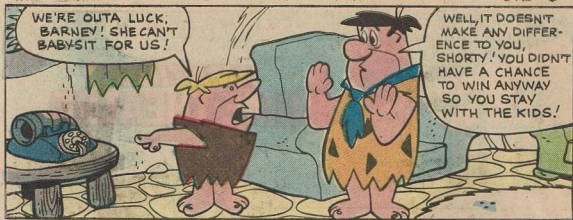
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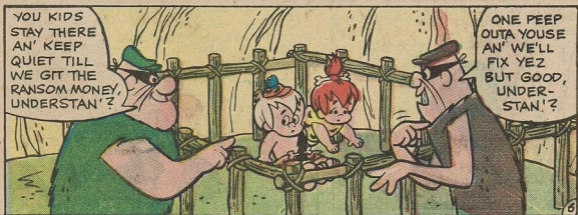


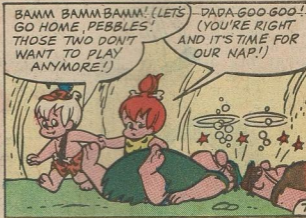
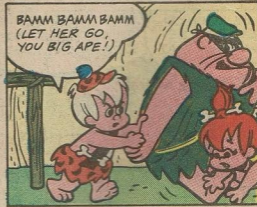




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LATER, WHEN
FRED AND
BARNEY
ARRIVE...

WE GOT CHEATED OUT OF THE CHAMPIONSHIP, BARNEY!

YEAH! HE CALLED FOOT
FAULTS ON BOTH OF US...



GRARR!

YEEEOOWW CHH! KNOCK IT OFF, DINO! I'M THE GUY WHO
OWNS YA!

HA HAH! DINO'S A BETTER
BABYSITTER THAN YOU
THOUGHT!



HELLO, GIRLS! WHICH
ONE OF
YOU WON
THE
PRIZE?

NEITHER
ONE OF US!
THEY
CHEATED US
OUT OF THE
TITLE!



ONE OF US AT LEAST SHOULD
HAVE BEEN PICKED "SOCIETY
QUEEN"!

I DON'T SEE
HOW YOU COULD
LOSE, BETTY!



DADA GOO GOO!
(IT LOOKS LIKE
YOU AND I WERE
THE ONLY ONES WHO
ENJOYED THE EVE-
NING, BAMM BAMM!)

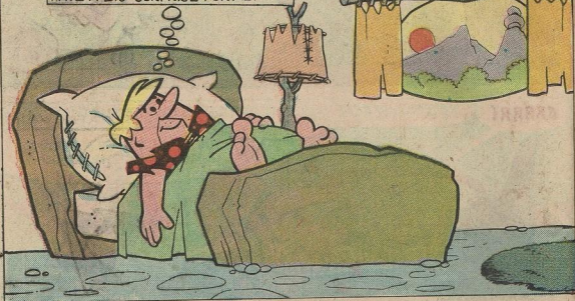
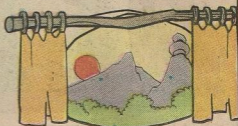
BAMM BAMM BAMM!
(YEAH. WE WERE THE
ONLY ONES WHO
WON THE CONTEST...
BUT THEY'LL
NEVER KNOW!)



END

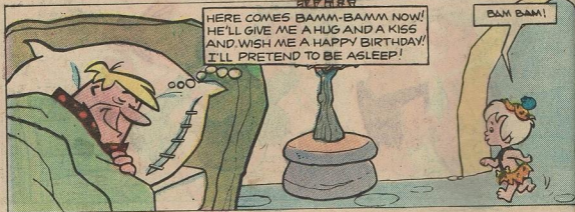
The FLINTSTONES in *SURPRISE* Party

OH, BOY! TODAY IS MY BIRTHDAY!
I'LL BET BETTY AND BAMM-BAMM
HAVE A BIG SURPRISE FOR ME!



HERE COMES BAMM-BAMM NOW!
HE'LL GIVE ME A HUG AND A KISS
AND WISH ME A HAPPY BIRTHDAY!
I'LL PRETEND TO BE ASLEEP!

BAM BAM!



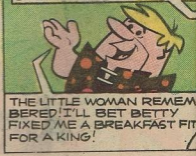
OH, NO! HE ONLY CAME IN
TO GET HIS TEDDY BEAR!
HE DIDN'T GIVE ME A
BIRTHDAY KISS!

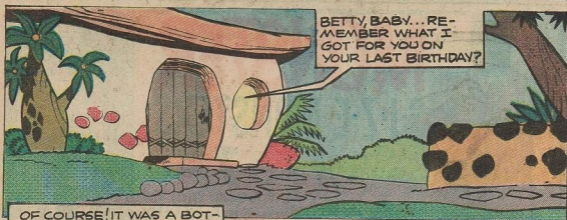
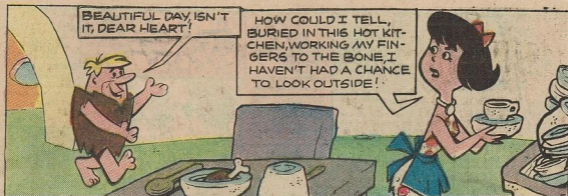
BAM
BAM!

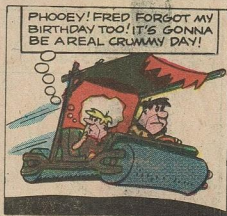
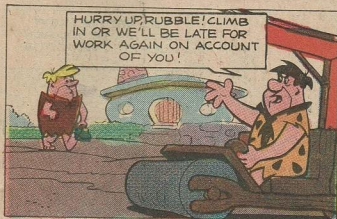


BARNEY DEAR! IT'S GETTING
LATE! GET UP AND HAVE
BREAKFAST!

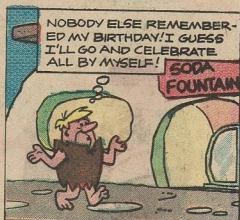
THE LITTLE WOMAN REMEM-
BERED! I'LL BET BETTY
FIXED ME A BREAKFAST FIT
FOR A KING!

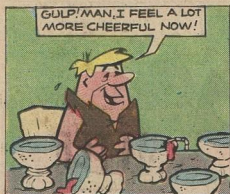












SO OUR BIRTHDAY BOY HEADS HOME...

WHAT A CREEPY BIRTHDAY! IF I WEREN'T SICK AND TIRED, I WOULDN'T GO HOME AT ALL!



STICK 'EM UP!

OH, NO! A STICK-UP!



YER MONEY OR YER LIFE!

GO AHEAD AND SHOOT, PAL! I AIN'T GOT A NICKEL!



IN DAT CASE, I'LL JUST TAKE YOUR CLOTHES! TAKE 'EM OFF!

I CAN'T DO THAT!



OKAY, HAVE IT YOUR WAY! ONE... TWO...

I'M DOIN' IT!



I'M FREEZIN'! IT'LL SURE BE GOOD TO GET INSIDE MY OWN WARM HOME!



YOO-HOO, I'M HOME! WHERE IS EVERYBODY!





BONERS, MOANERZ, AND GROANERS!

For more than thirty years I have taught those darling little children in the grade schools. It has been necessary for me to give them examinations on what they should have studied and should have learned. Sometimes the examination is written other times it is oral. I also have to ask them questions about what they are doing. One thing is certain: If teacher is not clear in pronouncing the word or doesn't make the meaning of a thought clear, those kids will give you unusual answers. The kids always enjoyed trying to catch teacher with a riddle or puzzle. Or find something that the teacher doesn't know. And how happy a boy or girl is when this has been accomplished.

My principal at P.S. 46 sent for me during my lunch period to tell me the great news.

"We have decided to give you an Esp class this spring term. We are certain you can handle those selected children."

Selected children? That was the understatement of the year. An Esp class consists of the brightest students-girls and boys either in the school or in the school district. You do have to be alert because they really can give you a hard time. Take that never-to-be forgotten Monday when I gave them the drawing assignment:

"This is to test your power of imagination as expressed in art. You will concentrate for ten minutes. Then you will have forty minutes to finish your creation. Each student will then come up before the class and show the finished product. Also give a name to it."

First student to come up before the class was Marvin. He held up a blank sheet of paper to the class.

"The name I have given to my drawing is Tank Attack during World War II. Ten American tanks are headed for the Nazi lines."

I looked at him again and then at the blank sheet of paper. What was he drawing? Nothing?

"You have absolutely nothing on your sheet of drawing paper," I scolded him.

"There are ten American tanks on my paper," he contradicted me. "But they are camouflaged. That is why you can't see them. Took me a long time to draw them and then camouflage them.

The enemy can't see them. And neither can you."

Then Thelma came up before the class. She too held up a blank sheet of paper for the students to see.

"The name I have given to my drawing is Outer Space. It is a view of the Universe as seen by an observer in a space ship."

I was getting a bit angry. Were the students ganging up on me?

"You have absolutely nothing on your sheet of drawing paper. Explain that to me."

"There is absolutely nothing in outer space at this point where the observer in his space ship is looking out. No stars. No meteorites. Absolutely nothing at all. That is why there is nothing on my sheet of paper. I hope you like it."

If I had had any sense left in my skull, I would have collected the papers right there and then. And then gone on with the History lesson which was next in my lesson plan.

"Jimmy you come up here and show what you have done for the class."

Alas, he too held up a blank sheet of paper. I was completely discouraged.

"Go ahead and tell the class just what is supposed to be on your paper. I see absolutely nothing at all."

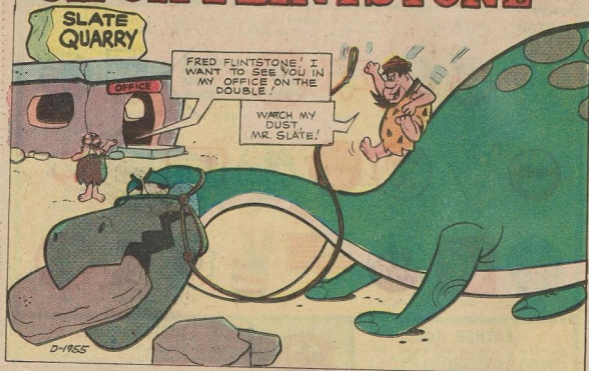
"Correct, teacher," he grinned at me. "It is called Meditations after doing my school homework. Since I think of nothing at all, that is what you see on my sheet. Not a single thought."

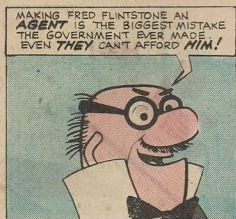
That was enough for me. The students were told to put their names on the bottom of the drawings. And also the titles. Two days later my art supervisor came in to see me. She looked through the package of drawings. Then I told her about the three blank sheets.

"Give those to me," she smiled. "I will put them in our school exhibit for the Society of Futurist Art to be held next week." Know something? Those three pictures of absolutely nothing at all-won prizes. These kids were happy and my principal even complimented me.

There you have it. Until our next meeting and I'll tell you more.

THE RETURN OF SECRET AGENT OH OH FLINTSTONE





AND SO, IN VENICE...

THE ROLE OF PIETRO
THE GONDOLIER IS
EASY FOR AGENT
OH OH FLINTSTONE.



OH SOLE MIO!



UGG!



GOOD WORK,
PICOLO.

BUT I'M PIETRO,
THE GONDOLIER!

THIS TWO-BIT GONDOLIER
COULDN'T FOOL A
BLIND MAN, COMRADE!



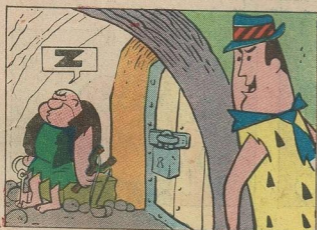
HURRY! WE'LL TAKE
HIM TO THE CHIEF
FOR QUESTIONING!



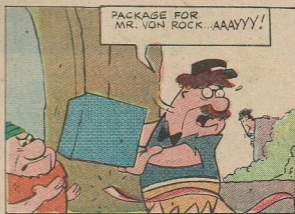
ANSWER ALL OF MY
QUESTIONS, OH OH
FLINTSTONE. FIRST,
WHY DID YOU COME
TO VENICE?

WOULD YOU BELIEVE
I DON'T KNOW?









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